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The Telephone--What Does It Mean?

To the population of the United States in general and 17,500,000 direct subscribers in particular, the word "telephone" suggests a communication service universal in scope, practically uniform in quality; adaptable to all types of business and social needs; and available at prices within the reach of all.

To more than 700,000 holders of some 18,660,000 shares of the common stock of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, the same word suggests an investment especially suitable for small savings; one which has a record of uninterrupted dividends over a period of approximately half a century. No stockholders owns more than 1½ per cent of the stock.

To 290,000 employees in the Bell System, the word has both of the above meanings plus a third one. It means an occupation with a wide range of characteristics; with advancement possibilities; with a fair degree of certainty of reasonable wages; in short, an opportunity to make a living. Approximately 200 of these workers reside in Beaumont where they spend the wages received, support your social institutions, and probably represent a typical cross-section of your population.

To the management certain peculiarities of the business are also clearly recognized. Because of its constant use by all classes of people; because of its intimate, personal nature; because of the fact that, of necessity, the user does part of the operating and because of the intricate nature of the equipment and instrumentalities involved; the maintenance of satisfactory telephone service "on tap" 24 hours a day, 365 days a year is a painstaking and involved job. These same considerations, however, make the job intensely interesting and one in which service opportunities are plentiful.

To the statistics "bug" the telephone industry is a rare reservoir. "The telephone wires in use in the United States would span the distance from the earth to the moon 200 times. With one-sixteenth of the world's population, the United States has 56

per cent of the world's telephones—etc". But, more interesting perhaps is this one; The people of Beaumont call for and receive (each one made to order) 90,000 local connections and 900 long distance connections in an average 24 hour period.

—R—

NOTE!

There is a "mix-up" on hats. Tell Irvin if yours is wrong.

—R—

Tax Rate Under New Plan

While the depression has crowded many American towns to the brink of bankruptcy, Atchison, Kansas (population 13,000) has kept on a cash basis throughout, and in the past twelve years has cut its bonded debt seventy per cent and its tax rate thirty-five per cent.

The reason, according to Ed. W. Howe, founder of the "Atchison Daily Globe," who writes in the current Rotarian magazine, is simply a determination by Atchison business men that their city be run like a business. This has led to the commission-manager form of government with three business men as commissioners. They appoint a city manager as they would hire a general manager for their own businesses.

"Although it has been said business men will not consent to accept office, and that citizens will not support them," says the veteran newspaperman, "this did not turn out to be true in Atchison. During the twelve years since the commission-manager form was adopted, one commissioner has been elected four times, another died after serving five years, and one resigned after serving ten years. The two appointed to fill the vacancies are still serving. All have continuously been really excellent men.

"The new plan was successful from the start; the commissioners inherited an old bonded indebtedness of \$1,260,000, and paid it all off except \$180,000."

—R—

Men Make Cities

Cities are what men make them,
What men demand they shall be;
Slothful, sloven, and sleeping,
Progressive, beautiful, free.
If the hearts of the builders are noble,
In one with the day and the need,
They will build into grandeur and greatness,
For so it was decreed.

—From the Rotarian Magazine.

Silent Sufferers

By Samuel Rosinger

There is a class of humanity that the world takes little notice of, because fate has disabled them from fighting and has removed them from the arena where life's combats are being waged. They are the sick, the crippled, the disabled, the handicapped, and all those who, by reason of mental and physical drawbacks, cannot march to the fast tempo of life's music and fall by the wayside. These invalids spend their lives in hospitals, sanitarium, homes for incurables, or other institutions equipped to minister to their wants and give them the care and comfort that lightens their burdens and renders life sufferable for them.

My profession brings me in frequent contact with this stricken contingent of humanity, and I find among them inspiring examples of fortitude and heroism. Here is one, in the last stages of cancer. His body is skin and bones. The disease is eating away at his vitals. Yet, he awaits his doom without complaint, and suppresses the excruciating pain that racks his skeleton of a body, so as not to make it harder on wife and children.

There is one, a mother, a victim of treacherous tuberculosis. I met her away from home in the far west. Her heart pined away for her husband and children. Her flushed cheeks showed that the disease was active and that the dreaded microbes were ravaging her lungs, yet she bore up with the heroism of a Trojan, and her valiant spirit stood without flinching the torture of flesh.

At a watering place I met a matron, shrivelled to a diminutive size, and helplessly crippled by inflammatory rheumatism. Yet her mind and memory were as clear as a cloudless sky, and she recited to me reams of classic poetry, and overcame the twinging pain tormenting her body, by her heroic soul which always dwelt on the sublime and beautiful.

O, you kickers and grumblers and complainers and calamity howlers, who whine and whimper because business is dull, or your income has fallen off, or your assets have shrunk, go to the hospitals and sanitarium, and feel thoroughly ashamed of yourselves because of the cowardly way you act in standing these financial pinpricks which do not really matter, and touch only the epidermis, but not the core of life. Consider the suffering which these institutions contain, and go home, and twice a day, at retiring and rising, fall on your knees, and thank your Maker for giving you your daily bread and the health to enjoy it.

ROTARYGRAMS OF BEAUMONT



WEEKLY BULLETIN

Membership Secretary, Phone 932

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Slants at the Meeting

A great Elizabethan dramatist wrote "The Play is the thing" . . . Oh yeah! did you see last week's skit?

Your reporter Literary-Digested his table and the pole revealed three more than there voted against it. The skit seemed to be one of those interpretative offerings; but what we don't know. The count was about even for Juvenile Imbecility, Dumb Ignorance, and Dumb Foolishness.

The principal characters were the three Graces . . . Long, Lean and Hungry.

The individual essaying the role of doubtful sex was so inept at maneuvering his skirts we were reminded of the prudish old maid who said "You can look up my genealogical tree but shake the limbs".

For originality we award it the torn fig leaf; but as for moral uplift it was just as useful as a eunuch at a nudist party.

The writer just returned from Austin listening to the Hi-Way Dept. hearing and he feels this skit ranked right along with the condition of the road from Sabine Pass to High Island. This party depicting the condition said "It is so bad a buzzard wouldn't cast a shadow over it."

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Inflation . . . that's the thing that has got the world just as nutty as a bunch of coo-coos and brother Caldwell's discourse didn't shed any more light on it than that old candle under the bushel.

What we want is something concrete, concise and condensed. In fact we want to tie to it and not have to rope it.

The data that has been stuck under our nose is just as fixed and positive as a fickle woman's mind in a hysteria of uncertainty.

The speaker's illustration of not wanting to sell his cotton for fear it will advance due to inflation bore fruitful results already. Fuzzy Roane declared he would not sell an more old nuts but keep them to fill in body cracks . . . around second hand cars, and Jerome Terry is figuring on getting new balls for old differentials and strengthening weakened upholstery . . . How's yours?

—Check